

the pencil as well as the pen: the headings of these comprise the wall base, the wall veil (or body of the wall), the wall cornice, the pier base, the shaft, capital, arch masonry, the roof cornice, apertures, &c. We must content ourselves with the foregoing and some other generalities. His main divisions are very simple. Thus he says:—

"All European architecture, bad and good, old and new, is derived from Greece through Rome, and coloured and perfected from the East. The history of architecture is nothing but the tracing of the various modes and directions of this derivation. Understand this, once for all: if you hold fast this great connecting clue, you may string all the types of successive architectural invention upon it like so many beads. The Doric and the Corinthian orders are the roots, the one of all Romanesque, massy-capitalled buildings—Norman, Lombard, Byzantine, and what else you can name of the kind; and the Corinthian of all Gothic, Early English, French, German, and Tuscan. Now observe: those old Greeks gave the shaft; Rome gave the arch; the Arabs pointed and foliated the arch. The shaft and arch, the frame-work and strength of architecture, are from the race of Japheth: the spirituality and sanctity of it from Ismael, Abraham, and Shem."

The writer in maintaining that the two orders, Doric and Corinthian, are the roots of all European architecture, says,—

"You have perhaps, heard of five orders; but there are only two real orders, and there never can be any more until doomsday. On one of these orders the ornament is convex: those are Doric, Norman, and what else you recollect of the kind. On the other the ornament is concave: these are Corinthian, Early English, Decorated, and what else you recollect of that kind. The transitional form, in which the ornamental line is straight, is the centre or root of both. All other orders are varieties of these, or phantasms and grotesques, altogether indefinite in number and species."

Amongst the practices which he denounces is rusticated masonry, or any device to "direct attention" to the way in which the stones of a wall are put together; and he does this, as it seems to us, on insufficient grounds. The whole theory of symbolism he "entirely and boldly" denies; and with respect to decoration maintains that—

"All ornament is base which takes for its subject human work; that it is utterly base,—painful to every rightly-toned mind, without perhaps immediate sense of the reason, but for a reason palpable enough when we do think of it. For to carve our own work, and set it up for admiration, is a miserable self-complacency, a contentment in our own wretched doings, when we might have been looking at God's doings. And all noble ornament is the exact reverse of this. It is the expression of man's delight in God's work."

It is unnecessary for us to tell those who have read Mr. Ruskin's previous works, that a high religious feeling pervades the volume before us, and that it contains passages of great beauty and power. "The Stones of Venice" will assist in paving the way to the rationalism and advancement of architecture.

**CARDIFF ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.**—On 10th June the Cardiff Athenæum are to hold one of these Welsh festivals, at which, amongst other prizes to be given, is one of 5*l.* and silver medal for the best piece of sculpture or carving in wood or stone the work of the exhibitor, and one of 7*l.* for the best original painting in oil of any gentleman's seat and grounds within twelve miles of Cardiff (kitch size). Other prizes are also offered for a water-coloured drawing of Cardiff, for pieces of mechanism, specimens of wood grown in Glamorgan, &c.

#### THE MOON AND THE GLOBE: IN LEICESTER-SQUARE.

CONSIDERABLE progress has been made in a short time with the construction of the proposed Globe in Leicester-square. All the trusses which form the skeleton of it, 50 or 60 feet high, are up, and the appearance it will present is already shadowed forth. The other night, when we passed through the square, about twelve o'clock, it made a curious and striking scene. The moon was shining brightly in a clear sky, which was studded with stars,—those wonderful stars that never change. All was very still about, and the campanile of the Baths, touched for the moment by the moon, made the background Venetian. Amongst the great ribs of the growing structure, a number of gas jets shined brilliantly, and made the struggling shrubs and grass about greener than they ever were before: a few men were mysteriously moving amongst the ribs, which looked like the skeleton of some enormous fish lying stranded; and in the middle sat gravely the stone statue of the Second George, vividly recalling "Don Giovanni" and Mozart's immortal music. The "Ziti, Ziti," rose to our lips. *Il Comandatore* had come to supper, horse and all! However, we must keep out of the clouds, and remember we are in Leicester-square. The carpentry seems strongly put together, and it is evidently intended not to verify too soon one of William Shakespeare's prophetic assertions, that—

"The great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind."

#### THE RELATION OF ARCHITECTURE TO PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.\*

ALTHOUGH a recurrence to sounder principles may certainly be traced in the works of the several branches of art, for some time past, on the walls of the Exhibition rooms, at the competition at Westminster Hall, as well as in the different churches and other public and private buildings erected around us, distinct from those mere ephemeral changes of fashion which had previously periodically succeeded each other, and evidencing an increase of power, together with a more serious and intelligent aim, and a more earnest study of nature,—and while much hope may be gathered therefrom, of a gradual leavening and growth of pure taste,—yet, up to the present time, its range has been but limited, and its progress but slow. And the cause which has cramped the one, and retarded the other, will, I think, be found in the want of attention to the first law which common sense would teach us, namely, that in the unity and fellowship of the several branches of art does their power consist.

For it is the province of architecture, painting, and sculpture, to embody the whole of the visible qualities of nature; being, as it were, the several dialects of the universal language of art that address the visual sense, and by which man seeks to convey to his fellows the impressions he receives from the material creation around him; for which purpose separately they are imperfect and individually incapable of the full rendering of the majesty of nature, since each has the power of setting forth some one or more of her qualities that lie beyond the range of the others. It is therefore by the union of their several efforts alone that her whole excellence can be declared. As the seasons by their succession complete the cycle of the year, and by their united influence bring to perfection the fruits of the earth,—as the voice of all created things, weak and faint by themselves, have yet a part peculiar to themselves in the grand chorus of praise to their Maker, without which its harmony would be incomplete,—so in the arts do their glory and their strength consist in their unity, which combines the efforts of each, and gives purpose to their power, and direction to their aim. Thus architecture embodies but the abstract principles of nature: re-creating by

means of her laws of construction, and geometry, she gains nobility by vastness, symmetry, and contrast,—beauty, by proportion, harmony, and ornament. She builds up the polished stones of the earth into a music of visible matter, whose yet it is and must remain but a "frozen music" (as it has been called), out of time with the natural melodies around which concentrate every kind of attraction, if she avail not herself of the graces of her sister arts. Apart from these, her means of expression are very limited, and extend not beyond the simplest emotions of the mind, addressing but few of the sympathies of men, with no more power than the flappings of a babe or the gestures of the dumb. But that which she has to say, is told from one generation to another; told so clearly, that men may not but hear; and while she shields within her arms the more fragile works of painting and sculpture, their voice whose compass is greater blends with and becomes one with her own, and history lends its associations, and the wild legends their awe; and, when records have perished, and the voice of tradition is hushed, so long as one stone will stand upon another, time will but add a charm, and bedeck her mouldering walls with the golden hues of the lichen and the moss, till, beautiful even in death, the last relic is ploughed into dust.

Then sculpture and painting, which, in their treatment of different aspects of nature, descend to a closer imitation of her works, the ideal of whose search is not in principles, but in the fulness and perfection of things, whose aim is rather recombination than creation, depend so much for space, material, and opportunity on this their more enduring sister art, that, isolated from her and from each other, their efforts can be but cramped, small, and perishable, and become but too often as a jewel lost for want of a setting, shelled to monder in the dust of ages, buried in the narrow sphere of some gallery, to pamper the pride of perhaps an ignorant connoisseur, vain thus by his wealth to purchase the *éclat* of taste.

The bond, then, between these several fine arts tends to enhance and ennoble each,—may, is absolutely necessary, to the perfection of either. Yet, how seldom in the present day is its value duly recognised: artists of either class are content to grope on blindly in their own narrow course, utterly careless of the sympathy of their fellows. Our buildings are thus mostly devoid of colour,—the want of which is so painfully felt in the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, and most of our other churches; while their carvings are generally left to little better than masons, or, at least, have not formed part of the original design; and, therefore, cold, cheerless, and destitute of feeling, they have no charms for the ordinary spectator,—for it requires some education of the eye, and a considerable intellectual effort, to appreciate the merits of proportion, which are all that are aimed at.

Some exceptions happily there are to this rule, among which the sculpture in the pediment of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, may be mentioned as being the design of Mr. Cookerell, and an admirable composition. Then, again, the painter despises architecture as mechanical, and, it must be confessed, with too much reason at present, till driven, perhaps for a background to a picture, he stumbles upon archaeology, and in avoiding errors of chronology, violates the first principles of the art. And sculpture, the line of separation between which and architecture it were impossible to draw, has yet been rent from it, and, like Atlas raised from earth, it has lost the power it possessed. Now, for the first time, in the niche statues, and the statue remains shelterless, while the only combination our clumsiness can conceive is that wretched idea borrowed from Rome, of hoisting a hero into the clouds, forsooth, to keep him out of sight and out of mind.

One of the worst among the countless follies of restoration, now common in France, is to renew, as if built yesterday, all their canopies and nichework, forgetting the figures, of which they were but the covering: such has been done at the rich flamboyant church of Louviers; while, in some instances, I believe,

\* Part of a paper read before the Architectural Association, February 18th.